



*Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the wind;*

Epist. 1. pa. 8.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN,

BY
ALEXANDER POPE. *K*

With Notes,
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass.

Ep. I. v. 210:

L O N D O N:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY DARTON AND HARVEY,

GRACECHURCH STREET.

M.DCC.XCVI.



A N
ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN L. BOLINBROKE.

The Design.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract—his Nature and his State; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter

THE DESIGN.

myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, System of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as of grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effect, may be a task more agreeable.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WHEN Love's * great goddess, anxious for her son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way ;
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide : 5
He knew and worshipp'd his celestial guide.

Thus vainly, Pope, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious system of benevolence ;
And, heav'nly taught, explain the angels' song,
That praise to God and peace to men belong. 10
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence such truths could spring, such lines
could flow.

Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can deserve, or could refuse. 14

* Eneid I.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but how?

Ever, the brightest, more refulgent now,
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine:

But such philosophy, such reason strong, 5
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.

Dost thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of vice? 10

Dost thou thy wit at once and courage show,
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?
Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?
Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name, 15

The Poem loudly must the pen proclaim.

I see, my friend! O, sacred Poet, hail!

The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view ;
The world will know, and will pronounce it you. 20
Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet fit,
Wee see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit :
Forth breaks the blaze, astonishing our sight ;
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone, 25
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known ;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

As when some student first with curious eye
Thro' Nature's wondrous frame attempts to pry,
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise ;
He asks if this be just, if that be wise ?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 5
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress ;
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he sees ;

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Storms, tempests, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,
And Vice's triumph, all are just and right ; 10
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of Man,
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 15
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill-express'd this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood :
But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound ; 20
Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,
" Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;"
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that ;
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use, 25
How all to good, to happiness, conduce ;
Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
And still the more I read, admired the more. 28

RÉCOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE.

BY A LADY.

FATHER of verse ! indulge an artless Muse,
Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuse.
Rais'd by the foul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my shrine !)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own, 5
And hail thee seated on thy natal throne :
Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, essay to write :
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd swarms arise,
As insects live beneath autumnal skies ; 10
While Envy pines, with unappeas'd desire,
And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire.

Yet thou, great Leader of the sacred train !
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain,)
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age, 15
Let wholesome Satire loose thro' ev'ry page ;
Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Yet not a Satire all your hours bestow ;
Oft from your lyre let gentle numbers flow : 20
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,
“ And call'd the Muses to their ancient seats.”
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind ;
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 25
And while you touch the sense correct the heart :
Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome and mean retreat ; 30
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold :
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth. 34

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

AN ODE TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE.

Pindarum quisquis, &c.

For me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only Pope's strong pinion can aspire !
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.
As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler treasure of the plain,
Till with each spring the swelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main ;
So soft descending from the Muses' hill
Pope's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound, 10
Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.
Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,
Whether in Fancy's wild's * he youthful stray,
In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15
Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.
Religious he maintains the Muses' trust ;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire ;

* Pastorals, and Windsor Forest.

† Rape of the Lock.

‡ Odes.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To his progressive genius strictly just,
 Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20
 Whether from antique rust, with pious toil,
 He polish'd Britain's ancient poets' * praise,
 Or planting careful in his better soil,
 Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays †.
 Whether the nobler monument ‡ he frame 25
 To those whom virtues, arts, or arms, adorn ;
 Or snatch from Envy ||, or the grave, their fame,
 Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn ;
 Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard) 29
 To Man § he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's cause;
 Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward,
 Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.
 High on the swelling gale of constant praise
 We see this Swan of Thames sublimely rise, 34
 E'en Envy's ¶ breath but serves his flight to raise,
 And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.

* Chaucer and Donne. † Homer, Horace, Ovid. ‡ Epitaphs. || Epistles.

§ Essay on Man.

¶ The Dunciad.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

While on the humble banks, far, far below ;
Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try ;
Like the small bee, with toil collecting flow
The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply. 40
To move our absent Prince (the realm's desire,)
Then let his skill compose th' attractive song ;
Or you, my Lord, may boldly strike the lyre,
You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.
Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art 45
To lead the social band in sportive wit,
To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.
Or (tho' each bard in reverence mute should wait)
A joyful people his return shall greet ; 50
The busy hall shall cease from loud debate ;
Contending parties bow at George's feet.
Applauding senates shall record his fame,
And hail the arbiter of Europe home :
Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim ; 55
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Fate never gave a king so great before ;
A king so good no nation shall behold ;
For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore ;
For him, whose reign revives the Age of Gold. 60
To peaceful Congress when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
That wreath so often purchas'd by his care.
My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise, 65
When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the theme ;
When mitred lords their hands to heav'n shall raise,
And give God thanks with piety extreme.
With loyal luxury to crowd the board
Artists shall vie, th' eternal feasts succeed ; 70
Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.
But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state,
But still for Britain's welfare form the pray'r. 76

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

BY MR. SOMERVILE.

WAS ever Work to such perfection wrought !
How elegant the diction ! pure the thought !
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze !
So breaks the day upon the shades of night, 5
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design :
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit ? 10

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due ;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse allay ;
Our happiness to love, adore, obey ;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd, 15
For this thy Work, for ev'ry lesser good ;
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

The Muse which should instruct, now entertains
On trifling subjects, in enervate strains 20
Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight ;
Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar :
Thy theme, sublime and easy verse will prove 25
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate : thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to Men ;
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail. 30
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays,
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old ;
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day. 36



ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN,

WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

The Argument.

OF Man in the abstract.—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c.—2. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c.—3. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c.—4. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, v. 113, &c.—5. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c.—6. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels; and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, v. 173, &c.—7. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207.—8. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, v. 233.—9. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, v. 259.—10. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, &c. to the end.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or flightless soar ;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, 15

But vindicate the ways of God to man

1. Say first, of God above, or Man below,

What can we reason, but from what we know ?

Of Man what see we, but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20

Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs, 25

What other planets circle other suns,

What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,

May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are :

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

2. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind? 36
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must ^afall or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's, one fingle can its end produce ; 55
Yet ferves to fecond too fome other ufe.
So Man, who here feems principal alone,
Perhaps acts fecond to fome fphere unknown,
Touches fome wheel, or verges to fome goal ;
'Tis but a part we fee, and not a whole. 60

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man refrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God ;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend 65
His actions', paſſions', beings' uſe and end ;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ; 70
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter ſoon or late, or here or there ;

The blest'd to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

3. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below? 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85

That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95

Man never is, but always to be blest:

The soul (uneasy and confin'd) from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100

His soul proud Science never taught to fray

Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way;

Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,

Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;

Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,

Some happier island in the wat'ry waste, 106

Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To be content's his natural desire;

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence;

Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115

Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust ;

If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there : 120

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,

Rejudge his justice, be the god of God !

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies ;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest'd abodes, 125

Men would be angels, angels would be gods ;

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

5. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,

" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;

" Annual, for me, the grape, the rose renew 135

" The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;

" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;

" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;

" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145

" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

" Th'exceptions few ; some change since all began,

" And what created perfect ?"—Why then Man ?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ? 156
 Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man kind ;
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things : 162
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 163
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind :
 But all subsists by elemental strife ;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170
 The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

6. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more ;

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears, 175

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,

Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,

The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180

Each seeming want compensated of course,

Here with degrees of swiftnefs, there of force;

All in exact proportion to the state,

Nothing to add, and nothing to abate:

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own; 185

Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,

Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all?

The blifs of Man (could Pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ;
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ? 200
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill ?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives and what denies ?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grafs ! 210
 What modes of fight, betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam !
 Of smell, the headlong lions between,
 And hound sagacious to the tainted green !

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215

To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood!

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,

From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew! 220

How instinct varies, in the grov'ling swine,

Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier!

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how ally'd! 225

What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,

Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be

Subjected these to those, or all to thee? 230

The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,

Is not thy reason all those pow'rs in one?

8. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go ! 235

Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !

Vast chain of being ! which from God began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, Man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,

No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee, 240

From thee to nothing !—On superior pow'rs

Were we to press, inferior might on ours :

Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245

Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,

Alike essential to th' amazing whole ;

The least confusion but in one, not all

That system only, but the whole must fall. 250

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,

Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,

Being on being wreck'd, ^{and} world on world ;

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255

And Nature tremble to the throne of God :

All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee !

Vile worm !—Oh, madness ! pride ! impiety !

9. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ? 260

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?

Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another in this gen'ral frame ;

Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains, 265

The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame, 270

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns ;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

10. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest'd as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour,
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
 All discord, harmony, not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, " Whatever is, is RIGHT."

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN,

WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

The Argument.

1. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself, his middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c.—2. The two principles of Man, self-love and reason, both necessary, v. 53, &c.—3. The passions and their use, v. 93, to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, v. 132, to 160. Its necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, v. 165, &c. Its providential use in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, v. 177.—4. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; and limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of Reason, v. 203, to 216.—5. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it, v. 217.—6. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How usefully they are distributed to all orders of men, v. 241; how useful they are to society, v. 251; and to individuals, v. 263; in every state, and every age of life, v. 273, &c.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides, 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule——
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?

Who saw its fires here rife, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art: 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride,
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress, 45
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all, our vices have created arts: 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

2. Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its end, to move or govern all;

And to their proper operation still

Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the foul ;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60

Man, but for that, no action could attend,

And, but for this, were active to no end ;

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate and rot ;

Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65

Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;

Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70

Self-love, still stronger, as it's objects nigh ;

Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :

That sees immediate good by present sense ;

Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75

At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend :
 Attention, habit and experience gains,
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains, 80
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite,
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit :
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
 But greedy that, its object would devour ;
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r : 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

3. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call :

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all ;
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;

Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

 In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ; 105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we fail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

 Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
Suffice that Reason keeps to Nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain ;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind : 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
 And hence one master-passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength ;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul. 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As Heav'n's blest'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made ;

Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends.

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;

The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art^deducing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this passion our best principle :

'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inferted, learn to bear;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind: 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:
 Nor virtue, male or female can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;

Reason, the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine. 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

4. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.
 Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
 In Man they join to some mysterious use;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice,
 Where ends the virtue or begins the vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where :
No Creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own,
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

6. Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill, 235
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:
 Th^{at} counterworks each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice : 240
 That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crouds belief.
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
 Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign:
Taught, half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:

Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age : 280
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er !

 Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd, 285
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
 E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise. 294

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN,

WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

The Argument.

1. THE whole universe one system of society, v. 7. &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, v. 49.—2. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, v. 99.—3. How far society carried by instinct, v. 109; how much farther by reason, v. 128.—4. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, v. 166; and in the forms of society, v. 176.—5. Origin of political Societies, v. 199; origin of monarchy, v. 207; Patriarchal government, v. 212.—6. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, v. 215, &c. origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good v. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixed government, v. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day, 5
But most be present if we preach or pray.

1. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend; 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good:

See dying vegetables life sustain, 15

See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;

One all-extending, all-preserving soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least,

Made beast an aid of Man, and Man of beast ;

All-serv'd, all-serving ; nothing stands alone ; 25

The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed, you pompously bestride, 35

Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain?

The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. 40

The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,

Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care;

The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use! 45

"See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.

And just as short of reason he must fall,

Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'ful still the weak control;

Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole : 50

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows

And helps another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,

Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,

To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;

For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy

Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,

He saves from famine, from the savage saves;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65

And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,

Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before;

Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being Heav'n a friend,

Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:

To man imparts it, but with such a view

As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75

Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd

Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

2. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,

Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80

To bliss alike by that direction tend,

And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is th' erring guide,

What pope or council can they need beside?

Reason, however able, cool at best, 85

Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,

Stays till we call, and then not often near,

But honest instinct comes a volunteer,

Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,

While still too wide or short is human wit; 90

Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,

Which heavier reason labours at in vain:

This, too, serves always; reason never long;

One must go right, the other may go wrong.

See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95

One in their nature, which are two in ours ;

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,

In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ? 100

Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,

Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?

Who made the spider parallels design,

Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?

Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore 105

Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before !

Who calls the council, states the certain day,

Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

3. God in the nature of each being founds

Its proper blifs, and sets its proper bounds ; 110

But as he fram'd the whole, the whole to blefs,

On mutual wants built mutual happiness :

So from the first eternal Order ran,

And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.

Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps, 115
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial feeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend;
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend; 126
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds another race. 130
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love;

With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those ; 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage ;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

4. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod ;
The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed ;

In the same temple, the refounding wood, 155

All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :

The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,

Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:

Heav'n's attribute was universal care,

And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160

Ah ! how unlike the Man of times to come !

Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;

Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,

Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165

And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;

The fury-passions from that blood began,

And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from nature rising flow to art !

To copy instinct then was Reason's part : 170

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :

“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;

“ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;

" Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175

" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;

" Learn of the little nautilus to fail,

" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

" Here, too, all forms of social union find,

" And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :

" Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181

" There towns aerial on the waving tree.

" Learn each small people's genius, policies,

" The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;

" How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185

" And anarchy without confusion know ;

" And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,

" Their separate cells and properties maintain.

" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,

" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate, 190

" In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,

" Entangle Justice in her net of law,

" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,

" Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

" Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures fway, 195

" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;

" And for those arts mere instinct could afford,

" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

5. Great Nature spoke ; observant Man obey'd ;

Cities were built, societies were made : 200

Here rose one little state ; another near

Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,

And there the streams in purer rills descend ?

What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205

And he return'd a friend who came a foe.

Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,

When love was liberty, and Nature law,

Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,

Till common int'rest plac'd the fway in one. 210

'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms

Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,) 215

The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,

A prince the father of a people made.

6. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch fate
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state; 216
On him, their second Providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
One great first Father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son:
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never fought but one. 230
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then, 235

For Nature knew no right divine in Men ;

No ill could fear in God, and understood

A fov'reign being but a fov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran ;

That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,

Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,

T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?

Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,

Till superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246

Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,

And gods of conq'rors, slaves of subjects made :

She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's found,

When rock'd the mountains and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray 251

To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they ;

She from the rending earth and bursting skies

Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ;

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest's abodes; 255

Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,

Whose attributes were rage, revenge or lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,

And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260

Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,

And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride:

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;

Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:

Then first the flamen tasted living food, 265

Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;

With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,

And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,

To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270

The same self-love in all becomes the cause

Of what restrains him, government and laws.

For what one likes if others like as well?

What serves one will when many wills rebel?

How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
 Taught pow'rs due use to people and to kings,
 Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too,
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295

^{from}
~~F~~ order, union, full consent of things !

Where small and great, where weak and mighty made

To serve, not suffer ; strengthen, not invade ;

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,

And in proportion as it blesses blest ; 300

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring,

Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;

Whate'er is best administer'd is best :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,

But all mankind's concern is charity :

All must be false that thwart this one great end ;

And all of God that bless mankind or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;

The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

On their own axis as the planets run,

Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;

ESSAY ON MAN.

55

So two consistent motions act the soul, 315

And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,

And bade self-love and social be the same. 318

ESSAY ON MAN.

So two contrary notions of the soul
And one regard itself and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature hold the same
And both are true and local in the same.

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN,

WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

The Argument.

1. FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from v. 19 to 27.—2. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, v. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, v. 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, v. 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, v. 70.—3. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature or of fortune, v. 94.—4. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, v. 121.—5. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be the happiest, v. 131, &c.—6. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, v. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatness, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior Talents, v. 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, v. 269, &c.—7. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, &c.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

O H, Happiness! our being's end and aim!

Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5

O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wife;

Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,

Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,

Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,

Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

Where grows?--where grows it not? If vain our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere ; 15

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And, fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? the learn'd are blind ;

This bids to serve and that to shun mankind. 20

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;

Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these ;

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;

Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain ;

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25

To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less

Than this, That happiness is happiness ?

Take Nature's path and mad Opinion's leave :

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;

There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;

And mourn our various portions as we please,

Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause" 35
 "Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind; 40
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd.
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this confess,
 Some are and must be greater than the rest; 50
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
 That such are happier shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:

But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is or him who finds a friend: 60

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all men happiness was meant, 65

God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy those,

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are plac'd in hope and these in fear: 70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,

But future views of better or of worse.

Oh! Sons of Earth! attempting still to rise

By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?

Heav'n fill with laughter the vain toil furveys, 75

And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,

Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

But health consists with temperance alone; 81

And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;

But these less taste them as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85

Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest'd or curst,

Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,

'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains: 90

And grant the bad what happiness they would,

One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh! blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,

Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust! 100
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue or contempt of life!
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
Why full of days and honour lives the fire?
Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115

Short and but rare till Man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease

When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

On air or sea new motions be impress, 125

Oh, Blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be?

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135

But who but God can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;

Another deems him instrument of Hell:

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,

This cries There is, and that There is no God. 140

What shocks one part will edify the rest;

Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue punish mine.

Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true, 145

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:

And which more blest'd? who chain'd his country, say,

Or he whose virtue fight'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.”

What then? is the reward of virtue bread? 150

That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,

The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for kings or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent ; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

"No, shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?"

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;

"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"

Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?

Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive,

God gives enough while he has more to give:

Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand: 165

Say at what part of Nature will they ſtand?

What nothing earthly gives or can deſtroy,

The ſoul's calm ſunſhine and the heart-felt joy,

Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and fix? 170

Juſtice a conq'rour's ſword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, fooliſh Man! will Heav'n reward us there

With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
Yet figh't thou now for apples and for cakes ?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind : 180
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing.
How oft' by these at fixty are undone
The virtues of a faint at twenty-one !
To whom can riches give repute or trust, 185
Content or pleasure, but the good and just !
Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;
Esteem and love were never to be fold.
Oh ! fool, to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind, 190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year !
Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made; 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool. 200
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings, 206
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 210
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards? 215

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where greatness lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wife?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220

The whole strange purpose of their lives to find

Or make an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wife; 225

All fly slow things with circumspective eyes:

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take;

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235

Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;

A thing beyond us e'en before our death:

Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,

The fame (my Lord) if Tully's or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends:

To all besides as much an empty shade,

An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:

Alike, or when, or where they shone or shine, 245

Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign but of true desert;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own ;
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second or without a judge,
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ? 265
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they 'mount ; 270
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft' is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :

Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribands if thou art so filly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife. 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind ;
 Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all united thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all ;
 There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy ! those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and seaweed, as proud Venus rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that raise the hero sunk the Man ;

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh, wealth ill fated ! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noontide ray, 305
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,) 310
" Virtue alone is happiness below : "
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes and what it gives ;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain, 315

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears : 320

Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;

Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;

Never dejected while another's blest'd ;

And where no wants no wishes can remain, 325

Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow ;

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ; 330

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God ;

Pursues that chain which links th'immense design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;

Sees that no being any blifs can know, 335
But touches some above and some below ;
Learns from the union of the rifing whole,
The firft, laft, purpofe of the human foul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of Man. 340

For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ftill and opens on his foul,
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.

He fees why Nature plants in Man alone 345

Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown :

(Nature, whofe dictates to no other kind

Are giv'n in vain, but what they feek they find :)

Wife is her prefent: fhe connects in this

His greateft virtue with his greateft blifs ; 350

At once his own bright profpect to be bleft,

And ftrongeft motive to affift the reft,

Self-love thus push'd to focial, to divine,

Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleffing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,

In one close System of Benevolence;

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts; but human soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd a circle straight succeeds, 365

Another still, and still another spreads;

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;

His country next, and next all human race:

Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind: 370

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,

And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;

Oh, master of the poet and the song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant fail, 385
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is is right;

That reason, passion, answer one great aim; 395

That true self-love and social are the same;

That virtue only makes our bliss below,

And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. 398

That reason, passion, and wit one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.



UNIVERSAL PRAYER.
THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

What conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to shun,

That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not th cast away ;
^

For God is paid when Man receives :

T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span

Thy goodness let me bound,

Or think Thee lord alone of Man,

'When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand

Prefume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land,

On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,

Still in the right to stay:

If I am wrong, oh teach my heart

To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,

Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,

Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,

Since quicken'd by thy breath:

Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,

Thro' this day's life or death.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :

All else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !

• One chorus let all beings raise !

All Nature's incense rise !

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

VERSE 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.*] “Hunc
“ cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et
“ attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum
“ structuras et causas finales.” *Newtoni Princ. Schol.*
gen. sub fin.

V. 87. *Who sees with equal eye, &c.*] Matth. x. 29.

V. 123. *In Pride, &c.*] Arnobius has passed the
same censure on these very follies, which he sup-
poses to arise from the cause here assigned—
“ Nihil est quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis polli-
“ ceatur spes cassas (id quod nobis a quibusdam
“ dicitur viris immoderata sui opinione sublati)
“ animas immortales esse, Deo rerum ac principi,
“ gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac patre
“ prolatis, divinas, sapientes, doctas, neque ulla

“ corporis attrectatione contiguas.” *Adversus Gen-
tes.*

V. 150. *Then nature deviates, &c.*] “ While comets
“ move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of po-
“ sitions, blind fate could never make all the pla-
“ nets move one and the same way in orbs concen-
“ tric ; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted,
“ which may have arisen from the mutual actions
“ of comets and planets upon one another, and
“ which will be apt to increase, till this system
“ wants reformation.” *Sir Isaac Newton’s Optics,
Quest. ult.*

V. 169. *But all subsists, &c.*] See this subject ex-
tended in Epistle ii. from v. 90 to 112, 155, &c.

V. 174. *And little less than Angel, &c.*] “ Thou hast
“ made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast
“ crowned him with glory and honour.” *Psalms*
viii. v. 5.

V. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.*] It is a
certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in
proportion as they are formed for strength, their
swiftness is lessened ; or, as they are formed for
swiftness, their strength is abated.

V. 213.

V. 213. *The headlong lions, &c.*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the Jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by an observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

V. 265. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Epistle iv.

V. 266. *The great directing Mind, &c.*] "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum et Natura." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.*

NOTES

ON THE

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE II.

VERSE 45. *Vanity and Drefs.*] Shakespear touches upon this latter advantage with great force and humour. The Flatterer says to Timon in distress, "I cannot *cover* the monstrous bulk of their ingratitude with any *size of words*." The other replies, "Let it go *naked*, men may see't the better."

V. 133. *As Man, perhaps, &c.*] "Antipater Sidenius Poeta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo consumptus est, satis longa senectâ." *Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. vii. Antipater lived in the times of Crassus, and was much admired by Cicero for the quickness of his parts.

V. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A platonic phrase for conscience.

V. 286.

V. 286. *And each vacuity of sense by Pride:]* A famous Casuist, Father Francis Garraffe, has drawn a very charitable conclusion, in his *Somme Theologique*, from this principle. “ Selon la justice tout
 “ travail honnête doit être recompensé de louange
 “ ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font
 “ un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recom-
 “ pencez par les suffrages du Public. Quand un
 “ pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un
 “ mauvais ouvrage, il n’est pas juste ni raisonnable,
 “ qu’il attende des louanges publiques, car elles ne
 “ lui sont pas dûes. Mais afin que ses travaux ne
 “ demeurent pas sans récompense, Dieu lui donne
 “ une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui
 “ peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare ;
 “ tout ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la
 “ satisfaction aux Grenouilles de leur chant. Au-
 “ trement le blâme public, joint à leur mecontent-
 “ ment, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au desef-
 “ poir.”

NOTES

ON THE

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE III.

VERSE 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving soul.*] According to the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is thus, “Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solum, sed etiam per substantiam : nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest.” *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.*

V. 45. *See all things for my use !*] On the contrary the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself.* Prov. xvi. 4.

V. 68. *Then favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

V. 156. *All vocal beings, &c.*] This is finely explained by the following sublime passage of the psalmist ;

psalmist; " Praise the Lord, all his angels; praise
 " him, all ye hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon;
 " praise him, all ye stars of light. Let them praise
 " the name of the Lord, for he commanded, and
 " they were created. Praise the Lord, from the
 " earth, ye dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail,
 " snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling his
 " word: Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and
 " all cedars: Beasts and all Cattle, creeping things
 " and flying fowl: Kings of the earth, and all
 " People: Princes, and all judges of the earth.
 " Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his
 " name alone is excellent, his glory is above the
 " earth and heaven." *Psalms* cxlviii.

V. 177. *Learn of the little nautilus.*] Oppian, Halieut, lib. i. describes this fish in the following manner: " They swim on the surface of the sea, on the
 " back of their shells, which exactly resemble the
 " hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts,
 " and extend a membrane between, which serves
 " as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars
 " at the side. They are usually seen in the Medi-
 " terranean."

V. 303. *For forms of government, &c.*] In 1740, Mr. Pope wrote the following words on the margin of a book, where he found these two words misapplied; "The author of these lines was far from meaning, that no one form of Government is, in itself, better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of Government, when the form of it is preserved and the administration corrupt, is most dangerous."—See letter iv. to Dr. Atterbury.

V. 307. *In Faith and Hope, &c.*] "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." 1 Cor. xiii, 13.

23 OC 62

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

VERSE 110. *Lent Heav'n a Parent, &c.*] The Author's Mother, a person of extensive charity, departed this life the year this poem was finished, 1733.

V. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, &c.*] This alludes to the fate of Empedocles and Pliny, who perished by too near an approach to Ætna and Vefuvius, while they were examining the cause of their eruptions.

V. 177. *Go like the Indian, &c.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epist. i. ver. 99.

V. 283. *Or ravish'd with the whiffling of a Name.*] Sacheverel, has the following observation, in his voyage to Icolumbkill; " In one corner is a peculiar inclosure in which are the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland

“ land, Norway, and the Isle of Man. This (said
 “ the person who showed me the place, pointing
 “ to a plain stone) was the monument of the Great
 “ Teague, king of Ireland. I had never heard of
 “ him, and could not but reflect, of how little va-
 “ lue is greatness, that has barely left a name
 “ scandalous to a nation, and a grave, which the
 “ meanest of mankind would never envy,”



23 OCT 62

15-

x

